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## JOCK THE LAIRD'S BROTHER.

THE idea at this day expressed in fashionable life by the phrase "a younger son," is commonly and familiarly recognised in Scotland under that of "Jock the Laird's Brother." There is a curious mixture of the positive and negative in the latter expression, which gives it a preference in our eyes to the fashionable term. The mention of the laird appears in the first place to exalt the individual alluded to; but, then, it turns out that the said individual is only the brother of the laird, and furthermore a person of so little consideration as to be liable to have his honest and truly Christian name of John transfigured into the homely and grotesque appellation of *Jock*; altogether showing that the person meant, with some accidental and extrinsic claim to respect, is in reality farther from the enjoyment of it than most ordinary persons. In the present day, the phrase is entirely a poetical or figurative one, and is not seriously applied to any living person. But there can be no doubt that it took its rise from being actually used respecting some real "younger son" of days bygone, when "the laird himself" was only a plain sort of person, who sat the most part of a day on his louping-on stane, "glouring frae him," and when his dependent connections must of course have been still more quizzical beings. In fact, it is not yet altogether beyond the recollection of living persons, when, at least in the more remote and primitive parts of Lowland Scotland, as Roxburghshire, Galloway, Forfarshire, and Moray, almost every laird's establishment comprehended a being whom it would have scarcely been disrespectful to speak of openly as "Jock the Laird's Brother."

More usually, this person was known as Uncle Robbie, or Uncle Symmie, or Uncle Davie, being so often called so by troops of nephews and nieces, that at length he became a sort of uncle to every body—even to his own brother. Uncle Robbie, having been born in the house, and brought up in it, had no idea of leaving it for any such reason as his father's death or his brother's marriage. He felt that he had as inalienable a right to his living off the paternal soil, as his elder brother, and accordingly just sat still where nature had planted him, taking the run of a house which had had a kitchen-fire burning in it since Wallace's days, and also the benefit of all the sport which the lands afforded—all further necessities being probably supplied by the interest of some three thousand merks of patrimony (about £150 sterling) which rested in the laird's hands, and which was not perhaps his worst claim to a seat at board, and the use of the dogs and horses. To one unaccustomed to Scottish fashions, coming for the first time to the house, he would have been apt to appear as only a better sort of servant, for possibly he would be the only person that came forward to take charge of the stranger's horse, or to answer the inquiry if the laird or the lady was at home. But when the same man appeared at the laird's table, and was addressed familiarly by all and sundry as Uncle Robbie, the stranger would begin to see that this individual, though a formal introduction had of course never been thought of, stood in a superior relation to the household, and yet it would have been difficult to say what that relation was. In reality, though what would now be considered an idler, Uncle Robbie was a useful person in many respects, and therefore not without his importance. To the laird he was a prime minister and adviser in all affairs, political and agricultural. In a certain rank of the gentry, he would have been employed, for instance, to lead out the tenantry in behalf of King James or Prince Charlie, while the laird remained loyal at home for the safety of the family property; affecting to de-

pire, in the bitterest terms, the rebellious behaviour of his unhappy relative. Then as to affairs agricultural, Robbie, in the course of his roving familiar life, had occasion to see many things that escaped the notice of his brother, or which were studiously concealed from that personage. He knew how the farms were getting on—he knew who poached—he could tell the nick of time when it was proper both to buy and to sell whatever the laird's establishment required or produced. With the tenants, and all dependent persons, he was equally useful. He formed a stepping-stone, as it were, to the laird's ear. If a poor creature had any petition to proffer, and could not muster courage to trouble the laird about it, he had nothing to do but get hold of Robbie, interest his feelings in the matter—which was easily done—and leave him to operate at his own good time upon the higher powers. Uncle Robbie was therefore always a popular character. Modest people could also ask his patronage to a christening or a late-wake, when they could not hope for any such favour from the laird or the lady. And when any lass was to be married out of the house, he would shine forth in a powerful light, leading all the appropriate festivities, dancing with the bride, and so forth, somewhat like the frank hero of Scottish song—

See merrily round the ring they rowed,  
When by the hand he led them a',  
And smack on smack on them bestowed,  
By virtue of a standing law.

Then, again, to the whole generation of bashful guests Uncle Robbie was a most useful person. In the awful presence of the laird and lady, they could, under his wing, conduct themselves with a degree of confidence not otherwise to have been hoped for: they might even, upon occasion, be so far strengthened by his countenance, as to venture upon some small approach to a joke, before the company rose. Left alone with him, they were sure, of course, to get out their horns in capital style, and thus take compensation for all former restraints. This reminds us that one of the utilities of Uncle Robbie to the laird, was in respect of the services he rendered as a manager of guests and visitors. Whatever courtesies the great man might not wish to pay in person, were paid by our hero. All guests who were too young, or too old, or too tiresome from any cause, to be agreeably endurable, were turned over to Uncle Robbie.

Besides unlimited good nature and cheerfulness—the result, in a great measure, of his having no worldly cares to press upon and irritate his mind—Uncle Robbie always had some positive accomplishments which gave him a value in his place. He could trace the pedigrees of his own and all the neighbouring families, as far back as Bothwell Brig, particularising all their inter-marriages and offshoots, with the fidelity of a Debrett or a Burke. He was often appealed to for this kind of knowledge, not only to settle the frivolous disputes which were apt to rise on such subjects in casual discourse, but to enlighten parties who conceived matters of importance to depend on certain ramifications of their family trees. He had also vast stores of traditional anecdote of all kinds, as well as of the floating contemporaneous gossip of the district, which rendered his company extremely entertaining. Then he was decidedly the expertest man of the country-side in all kinds of sports. He was thought to have the finest hand at dressing a fly of any man in three counties. In finding a hare and unearthing a fox, he had few equals. He was the first man at otter-hunts, leistering expeditions, and affairs with badgers. In setting a horse's tail, no man could approach him. He had also a very pretty way of worming dogs. In fact, before the days when veterinary surgery became a

regular profession, Robbie served all the purposes of that art, in his district, through the pure force of the skill built upon experience. These accomplishments could not fail to make him a man of no small consequence on many occasions, and to many persons.

To his young nephews, in particular, his skill in sports made him invaluable. From the very commencement of the existence of these little personages, he had been of importance to them. He had often kept them when they were mere babies, dandling them, singing to them, and lulling them with all the tenderness of a nurse. As soon as they could walk, he was their playmate and companion, after the fashion of good David Lyndsay with the young boy king, James V., as so delightfully described by himself:—

How, as a chapman bears his pack,  
I bore thy grace upon my back,  
And sometimes stridlings, on my neck,  
Dancing with money bend and beek;  
And ay when thou came from the school,  
Then I behoved to play the fool, &c.

Their earliest recollections of fun and happiness of all kinds would be identified in their minds with the idea of kind Uncle Robbie. As soon as any one grew so much as to be able to handle a fishing-rod, Robbie was the man to make the article for him, to plait his *toam*, dress his hooks, and instruct him in the art of catching the finny prey. When he rose to be able to sit a horse, Robbie was his riding-master. When he could handle a fowling-piece, who but the same un-failing preceptor was there, "to teach the young idea how to shoot?" Robbie would also perhaps teach the little rascals to drink; but then they must have learned that somehow or other, for it was in those days a piece of knowledge not to be escaped, and it was just as well that they should learn it from him as from any body else. It may well be imagined that when the brother laird gave way to the nephew laird, and he even to the grand-nephew, Robbie, thus endeared to them from their infancy, continued to be just as welcome an incumbrance of the estate as ever.

One feature in Robbie's situation may remain a puzzle to modern men—namely, that he should have contrived to keep good his place in the household against a succession of ladies. The laird was nothing; but how did the lady put up with such an inmate? First, then, ladies were not so nice then as they are now; and, secondly, Robbie was useful, and of consequence, even to the lady. If guests came unexpectedly, he could, in a couple of hours, furnish her table with a good salmon and three brace of grouse or partridges. His services in the management of the children have been hinted at. Then he was a first-rate hand at amalgamating and enlivening a collection of ill-assorted guests. Even in some of the affairs of the household which are generally held as exclusively female duties, such as pickling and preserving, arranging furniture, and planning the landscape of a great dinner-table, Robbie was apt to be found an efficient aid, at least as a counsellor. Besides, Robbie was a prudent sort of fellow, and contrived always to keep on the weather-side of his good sister-in-law or niece, so that he in general got on pretty well with her, and was even somewhat of a favourite. Sometimes, indeed, if he kept up a splore rather late, or brought any roughish chap of a companion about the house, she might find occasion to turn a rather cold shoulder to him; but these tiffs always wore off in a day or two, leaving fair weather behind. There was just one possible way of securing a large share of her displeasure. Robbie, of course, was not a marrying man. The most desperate mother of six marriageable and portionless daughters never did him the honour

to suppose him in the least dangerous. The young ladies themselves would talk, in his presence, of dress in all its departments, from a commodore or negligee to a flannel petticoat, and also of patches and washes for the complexion, as if they looked upon him as one not belonging to the genus Man. But Robbie, in the earlier part of his career, would have his own notions of the fair sex for all that, and, if scouted by persons of his native rank, could form an attachment to some Blowselind of the place or its neighbourhood, to the great grief of all and sundry, but particularly of "the lady." Then, indeed, something more than the cold shoulder would be turned to him; and the stable became, in all probability, his chief hold and strength for the next six months. But even such offences as these would not be altogether inexpiable; and a guest who, in June, had vainly inquired where Uncle Robbie was, or what he was about, would, if he came back about the New Year, see him sitting under the lady's wing, at table, talking as freely, and making as many jokes, as ever.

Such were the laird's younger sons and brothers of a former day in Scotland, when as yet openings in India, in the army, in Liverpool, and so forth, were not known, and when merely to live without some ostensible profession was not considered disreputable. In the present day, the younger sons of a gentleman of good estate are disposed of in a different way; but it may be questioned if the change be in all respects an improvement. It might rather perhaps be shown that, if landed property is to exist solely for the benefit of one member of each family, the old mode of supporting the rest in a quiet bachelor kind of way was, after all, the best. To make this apparent, let us draw a picture of what is by no means the uncommon fate of the family of a Scottish landed gentleman.

We shall suppose one of from one to two thousand a-year. If he happens to have three or four daughters, he may keep them at home till they are married, and when he dies, leave them a small portion sufficient to maintain them respectably. But if, instead of this, he be so unfortunate as to have three or four sons, he may look upon himself as well-nigh a ruined man. Perhaps he may have the good luck to procure for one of them an appointment to India; he is of course provided for. Whether he dies of the liver complaint, or lives to return after his twenty years' service, he is equally removed from being a burden on the estate. The eldest son probably chooses the profession of the law, and, because it is genteel, goes to the bar. He of course must live in Edinburgh. He attends the courts. The public are insensible to his merits. He gets no briefs, still fewer fees. He cannot live, chameleon-like, on air. Having little encouragement to work, he amuses himself; gets into fashionable life; becomes a diner-out, and attends parties; is patronised by old dowagers, and mothers who have grown-up daughters to marry. The young man is not extravagant—he neither drinks nor games; and yet he finds that his allowance of three or four hundred a-year, which his father allows him (and to enable him to allow it, was obliged to lay down his carriage-horses), will not do. He gets in debt. His bills become due. Tradesmen become clamorous, and begin to write to the old gentleman. The old gentleman gets crusty, and cries halt: but something must be done. The debts of the heir-apparent must be paid, and they are paid, on condition that he gives up a town life. He retires to the country and turns farmer; he gets a farm from his father rent free, and begins to improve. He builds, he plants, he drains, he encloses, he embanks, he manures. This is worse than living in Edinburgh. Some of the improvements are so obvious that the laird is persuaded to assist with the necessary funds; and to provide these and clear off other scores, another good heritable bond is clapped on the back of the estate. This goes on from year to year; till, what with improvements and tailors' bills, the young laird is completely swamped. If the estate is unentailed, a farm must be sold; but if, in consequence of that blessed invention, sale is impossible, there is nothing for the heir and his creditors but to wait for an event, which they foresee must take place sooner or later in the course of nature.

With the third son (the second has been shipped off to India) matters are yet worse. He is sent to Leith or Liverpool, or some such place, to attend a counting-house; to learn the mysteries of trade; to study the art of enriching himself and his country by merchandise. His time is out; he is now an accomplished trader, or wants nothing to make him so except skill, judgment, experience, and capital. But he has been at Hamburg, and speaks German, knows book-keeping by double entry—talks of speculations in tar, tallow, and hemp, or in colonial produce. It will never do to hide all these talents under a bushel. He must begin business, and make a fortune as fast as possible. The laird must advance a few thousands in cash, and assist in raising as much more upon

credit. Our merchant shows his face upon 'Change: embarks in a coffee or sugar spec: is fortunate in this first attempt, and on a fair calculation of profit and loss, finds himself a gainer by £34, 15s. 2½d. Makes a more extensive venture, and loses £750. He is not disheartened—tries again—and is again minus;—his losses mount from hundreds to thousands—he gets desperate—dashes at every thing—losses accumulate—banks refuse to accommodate—finds it is all up—fails for £30,000.

Lairds, think of this in time; and if your younger sons will not, in this age of improvement, be content to live at home, and fill the situation (not so bad a one after all) of Jock the Laird's Brother, breed them to professions, where, if they gain little, they will not ruin themselves or you. Above all, let them never enter a profession which requires the employment of that awful thing "capital." If they must be bred to one, let it be such where no capital is required but their brains and their ten fingers: and then, if they will leave home, let their mothers, according to the old approved plan, "bake them a bannock, and fry them a collop, and send them away to *pousse* their fortune."

#### NEW KINDS OF HEATING APPARATUS.

THE newspapers have been lately giving circulation to reports of various new plans for heating houses and apartments. One plan refers to the discovery of a process by which heat is evolved in a vessel resembling a vase, without the burning of coal, or any material which produces smoke, and the expense of which is said to be a mere trifle. This, we fear, is one of those delusive announcements which are continually issuing from the press, and never coming to any good. One day, we are told that an American has made a grand new discovery of a power which will entirely supersede steam; on another, we hear that a plan has just been discovered at Liverpool for thoroughly consuming smoke; and so on, without end. We really wish that our friends of the newspaper press would be somewhat more sparing of their "grand new discoveries," which in nine cases in ten turn out mere fancies, and throw discredit on those few inventions which are really useful. With regard to the latest of the grand new discoveries, that of generating heat in a vase without fire, by which an apartment may be warmed, it may, or it may not, be a thing of practical utility; a short time, however, will bring it to the test of experiment; and if it succeed, we shall heartily rejoice at the addition of so wonderful an apparatus to the existing means of social comfort.

Meanwhile, until the vase discovery has established itself, let us see what science has already done for us in the way of apparatus for heating. Benjamin Franklin was among the first who attempted to improve the common fireplace. He invented what was called the Pennsylvania stove, which was greatly prized in America, and also in France. This stove was of iron, stood a good way out from the chimney, and the smoke was conducted away by means of a curved flue; in short, it resembled the common close iron stoves now in use in many parts of the country, and which are often seen in shops. Experience has fully proved that this plan of heating is bad. It gives out plenty of heat, but it is not of a healthy kind. The air is burnt or dried to such an extent, that its wholesome properties are destroyed or greatly deteriorated, and consequently the atmosphere is rendered unsuitable for passing into the lungs. The apparatus for heating air by passing it over red-hot plates, and sending it through tubes into large apartments, churches, &c. is for the same reason objectionable, as was lately shown in the present work. That plan is now thoroughly discredited by men of science, and will probably soon be entirely abandoned.

Heating by steam, as appears by the Philosophical Transactions, was known at least ninety years ago in England. How long the discovery lay buried in that respectable tomb of science, we do not know. About the end of the last century, it was either dug up from the Transactions, or was discovered afresh; for at that period certain cotton factories in Glasgow were heated with steam, a practice which continues till the present day. We beg to lay our own experience on this mode of heating before our readers. Our printing premises consist of a building of three very extensive floors, which, until lately, were heated by several large fires of the ordinary kind. This was expensive as respects fuel, and to a certain extent dangerous from fire. Having a large steam boiler outside the building, we felt disposed to attempt heating the house from this source, and upon the plan which is commonly pursued at the cotton factories. We, therefore, at the beginning of winter, commissioned a tinsmith in Glasgow, on whom we were told we could place reliance, to execute the job.\* This he did in a most expeditious and workman-like

manner. An iron tube, on which there is a crane, carries the steam from the boiler to a connected series of long tin pipes within the building. The diameter of these tin pipes is about ten inches, and they hang from the ceiling by means of small chains a few inches in length, so as to be quite clear of every article of furniture, and every head passing beneath. There is just one pipe going along each of the two lower storeys in this manner; and from each a small waste pipe goes outside to let off the waste steam and condensed water. The pipes are varnished black, to cause the heat to radiate freely from them. The whole apparatus is exceedingly simple, and is managed with perfect ease. The smallest turn of the crane permits the steam to rush through, and to fill the pipes, when an immediate radiation of heat commences. So effectual is the process, that, if the steam be admitted only twice a-day, for an hour at a time, the premises are kept in a state of the most agreeable warmth for the whole day. There can be no proper comparison betwixt this plan of heating and that of common fireplaces. Coal fires cannot warm the air in large workshops; they only heat the air in their own immediate neighbourhood; and hence the workmen are often obliged to draw near the grate to warm themselves. According to the plan we have adopted, every part of the house is equally heated, and the whole of the workmen are as comfortable during the hardest frosts, as if they were working in a pleasant summer day. In consequence of this abundant warmth, all the fires have been withdrawn. It is difficult for us to say what is the probable expense of supplying the heat, seeing that we happen to draw our steam from a boiler which is always in operation for other purposes. We believe, however, that the expense of keeping up a necessary supply of steam for such an apparatus, must be very small, perhaps not more than that for a single coal fire. Our apparatus cost about £20, and this sum will doubtless be saved in the course of a couple of winters. A similar plan of steam-heating by means of cast-iron pipes is pursued in many places, but we approve most of tubes of sheet tin soldered together. Tin is light and cheap, and allows the heat at once to operate, and, in case of explosion from improper management, would rupture or give way without causing any mischief; whereas, iron is heavy and dear, takes long to heat, and in exploding would perhaps cause some injury. Excellent, however, as is the process which we have mentioned, we do not believe that it is calculated for private dwelling-houses. In the first place, few domestic servants can be trusted with the management of any apparatus of this description, and this forms an almost insurmountable obstacle to the general introduction of the process. Secondly, the pipes are clumsy, and therefore unsuitable for passing through elegant apartments; and, thirdly, there is at times a noise of the rushing of the steam in the pipes, which would be quite insufferable in a private residence.

In a former number we presented an account of Mr Perkins's plan for heating by hot water pipes, and therefore we need only allude to it here in very brief terms. Every body knows that water finds its level, or always rises in a tube to the level of its fountain. If, then, we bend an iron pipe, so that both its extremities are at the top of a house, and the lowest part of the bend at the bottom of the house, and fill in a sufficiency of water at one extremity, the water will consequently rise to the other extremity. Suppose we make the pipe, at the lowest part, go through a fire, then the fire will cause the water to boil, and as it boils it will rush upwards while colder water will descend. This is the principle of Perkins's and all other hot-water-heating apparatus. The heat radiated from the pipes as they wind through a house, is exceedingly agreeable; it is also wholesome in its nature, for the air is not burnt or dried, as if it passed over a red-hot plate; and this forms a most important feature in the plan. One serious question arises with regard to all projects of this nature—are they safe? As far as we have heard, Perkins's plan is both simple and safe; certainly safe as refers to fire. Pipes full of hot water cannot burn any thing they come in contact with, and explosion is avoided by strength of structure and other incidental arrangements. There are imitations of Perkins's plan; some of them may be good, though we have heard of no instance of their success. A gentleman in Edinburgh lately had a hot-water apparatus fitted up in his house, but an explosion, or frightful ebullition of the boiling liquid, took place, and it was by the merest chance that some very serious personal injury was not sustained. This is mentioned simply as a warning to persons who may be disposed to introduce any kind of heating apparatus into their dwellings, which has not been well established as of undoubted security, and which they have not seen in actual operation.

Latterly, a plan has been projected for heating by means of gas—the same gas with which the streets are lighted—and cooking has been proposed to be done in the same manner. The plan consists in admitting gas into a sheet-iron vessel, and allowing it to burn at small apertures at the top. The vessel may be compared to a pretty large pepper-caster, which is covered with holes in the upper part; but to cause the gas to burn freely at the apertures, small tubes are brought up through the vessel from the outer air at the bottom to the top, and the air rushing through these tubes, supports the various small dots of flame issuing from the apertures. There may be other ways of forming the apparatus, but those which we have

\* Mr James Jackson, 141, Argyle Street.



seen in operation are as we have described it. By this apparatus, as much heat is given as will boil a kettle or other vessel placed over it, or will heat the air of an apartment. We have such an apparatus employed in the premises already noticed, for heating glue-pots for our binders, and also for heating the copper bolts of our stereotype-plate workers. Any quantity of flame can be produced, by regulating the admission of gas. We can reduce the flame to mere dots or specks, or raise it a foot in height like that of a large coal fire. For small operations in workshops, we think that this process is exceedingly suitable; but we cannot recommend it for general use in houses, for the two following reasons—a nauseous gassy air arises from it, as every one must know who burns gas lights, and it is much more expensive than a coal fire. We reckon that one gas-heater like that we have mentioned, will consume as much gas when in operation, as two argand burners. To allow a servant girl to have the management of such an apparatus for cooking, would be a piece of monstrous absurdity and extravagance. The only judicious use to which a gas heating apparatus could be put, would be, as we say, for small isolated operations, such as heating irons, or glue-pots, in workshops, in which the gas would be raised only on its being expressly required. We understand that it has been used with advantage in copper-plate printing, for heating the coppers.

Such, we believe, are the various plans at present afloat for superseding the use of coal fires; and from what we have said, it will be perceived, that while each plan possesses some degree of merit, and may, in certain circumstances, be tried with advantage, no one can be described as a perfect invention, or of universal applicability. To sum up, we feel bound to state it as our conviction, founded on inquiry and observation, that Perkins's patent hot-water apparatus is the best of the new inventions for heating either dwellings or warehouses; but that the same benefit may be procured by tin pipes and steam, where neatness is not required, at a much lower price.\*

#### A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE, A SPANISH STORY.

DON CAYETANO BALBOA, a respectable and wealthy merchant of Euclia, in Andalusia, had an only son, named Don Pedro, on whom he bestowed a liberal education, and for whom he subsequently obtained a post in the Health Office at Madrid. In this city the young Pedro, who was left in a measure his own master at the early age of nineteen, formed connections which deeply implicated his own future peace and that of his family. He was of a generous disposition, but weak-minded in many respects, and easily biassed by the arts of designing persons. The half-medical character of Don Pedro's employment brought him into intimate acquaintance with most of the principal physicians and apothecaries of Madrid, and with their families. Among others whom he met in this circle was Donna Catalina, the widow of an eminent chemist who had been banished to Africa for participating in some political conspiracies, and who had, it seems, died in exile. At the period of her husband's banishment, Donna Catalina was very young, but her character had already fully developed itself; and what that character was, may be in part imagined from the confession which her husband made to some friends before his departure, "that his sentence was endurable, because it freed him from the bonds of his imperious helpmate."

Donna Catalina was considerably under her thirtieth year, and yet very beautiful, when she became acquainted with Don Pedro de Balboa. Her wit and charms fascinated the young Andalusian, and she, in her turn, formed for him a deep and ardent passion. In Catalina's disengaged and widowed state, there was no obstacle to the formation of a matrimonial alliance between them, and in all likelihood a marriage would have ensued, but for the discovery which Balboa made of Catalina's violent and intolerable temper. Still, after the advances he had made, he could not easily give up his imperious beauty. She had acquired a power over him, and he feared to dare the outburst of her passion. At length, he found the means of withdrawing himself. His father sent an express order for his return home without delay, and as this injunction could not be disobeyed, or trifled with, Pedro tore himself away from the company of Catalina, and returned to the paternal mansion.

When Don Pedro reached his father's house, he found that the old merchant had become anxious (probably from having heard of the state of matters in Madrid) that his son should marry and settle in life. He had even provided a match for the youth, in the person of a young and lovely cousin, whom Don Pedro, at the period of his return, found resident in his father's family. Nor was Pedro long in becoming captivated with the simple and amiable character of

his young relation, so unlike that of the enchantress who had formerly enthralled him. Every thing, in short, went on as the father wished. But, meanwhile, the deserted Catalina, alarmed at the prolonged absence of her lover, wrote him letter upon letter, reproaching him with his apparent infidelity, and urging him, in the strongest and most passionate terms, to return to Madrid. By degrees, the tone of her letters changed from reproach to menace, and the conclusion of one of these epistles ran thus—"Yes! traitor, I now know why you went to Andalusia, and I know why you remain there so long." Alluding to Don Pedro's cousin, she then continues, "But beware! for, with the aid of the blessed Virgin, I will kill her, then I will kill you, and, lastly, I will kill myself!" She then, with the same inconsistency of spirit which other parts of the letter betray, commends her lover to divine guardianship, and signs "Catalina." This effusion fell by accident into the hands of Don Pedro's father, who opened it by mistake, and thus became fully acquainted with the serious nature of the ties which his son had contracted at Madrid, of which he was, perhaps, but in part aware. The result was, that the old man, desirous that his son should be extricated from the connection, fully, as well as honourably, wrote to Donna Catalina, informing her of his son's intended marriage with his own cousin, and offering at the same time to settle on his correspondent a respectable annuity, if she would pledge herself to abstain from seeking any further correspondence with Don Pedro.

The proud and passionate Catalina returned no answer to this proposal, nor did she again write to Don Pedro. Hoping that his letter had made her give up all thoughts of the matter, the old merchant hurried on the match between the cousins; and, with that pliability which formed a prominent part of his nature, Pedro, also, was perfectly willing to have the marriage completed. Accordingly, a dispensation from the church (necessary on account of the consanguinity of the parties) was obtained, and the nuptial ceremony was fixed for an early day. When that day came, the rites of the church were performed, and its blessing pronounced upon Pedro and his bride—in peace. But the parties had scarcely left the altar, when a fearful and lamentable catastrophe took place. The newly married lady was just leaving the portico of the church, when she was met by some young ladies of her acquaintance, who presented her with a nosegay. She blushed at this mark of attention, and raised the flowers to her face; but she had inhaled their perfume but for a very short time, when she instantly fell back a corpse in the arms of her husband. All attempts to recover her proved ineffectual—she was dead! The nosegay must have been poisoned. It was sought for everywhere, but it had vanished; in the first moment of confusion it had been entirely forgotten.

The young ladies who had presented the flowers were first examined. They related that they had received the nosegay from a stranger, who was to have accompanied them, but who had failed to keep her promise. Then did the father of Pedro recollect the menaces of Catalina. Eager to avenge his niece's death, he applied to the ministers of justice, and had Catalina brought from Madrid. She was confronted with the young ladies, and they all recognised her as the person from whom they had received the fatal nosegay. Catalina, on her part, declared that she had not left Madrid, and numerous witnesses were brought forward to confirm her statement. The report of the medical men tended to make the affair yet more complicated. They declared that, on opening the body, they had not found in the organs of respiration any trace of the action of poison. The brain they had found strongly injected; but though such an alteration might have been caused by violent narcotics, it was also possible that it might have been the effect of sudden apoplexy. Some of the physicians denied the possibility of poisoning so suddenly by means of a nosegay. The hydrocyanic acid, they said, could alone operate with such violence, but would have lost its power if exposed for several minutes to the air; besides which, this, as well as several other poisons that they enumerated, would have been sure to leave a trace behind. Other physicians, on the contrary, maintained that we are but imperfectly acquainted in Europe with the science of poisons, in which the Orientals, and even some savage nations, had made much greater advances. The consequence of these contradictory reports, and the positive evidence adduced that she had not quitted Madrid, was, that Catalina was ordered to be set at liberty.

While in prison, she had addressed several letters to Don Pedro. "My affection for you (she wrote) is the only cause of the persecutions to which I have been exposed. I am innocent, I am innocent!—but had I ever been guilty, it would only have been because I loved you too well; surely you will not forsake me!" Whatever may have been his motive, Don Pedro, it seems, visited her while in prison, and she succeeded in resuming her ancient influence over him. Not satisfied with this proof of her power, she succeeded, on her liberation, in involving him in a lawsuit with the family of his deceased bride, and was on the point of persuading him to return with her to Madrid, when his father once more interfered, and, by a vigorous exertion of parental authority, prevailed on Don Pedro once more to abandon all ideas of marrying her. Catalina found an opportunity that very day to enter the merchant's house, and the apartment of her vacillating

lover. She played off all her arts of seduction, but in vain, for this time Don Pedro proved firm in his purpose. Gradually giving way to the violence of her passion, "Dastard!" she exclaimed, "you allow yourself to be fooled by the words of a silly old man; but do not fancy that I am to be outraged with impunity! I have not yet forgotten how to take vengeance on those that insult me! Know 'twas I that killed your bride, and you also shall die!"

As she said this, she seized him by the arm, and it was not without a feeling of dread that he contemplated the altered countenance of the fury. He perceived that she held between her fingers a pin that she had drawn from her hair. He had scarcely noticed this movement when he felt himself pricked in the arm. "I have killed thee!" she exclaimed, and rushed out of the room, flinging away the pin with which she had inflicted the wound. Don Pedro almost immediately felt his head grow heavy and his sight dim: he uttered a few faint cries; but before he had time to say a prayer, he fell senseless to the ground. The servants heard the fall, and hastened to the room. A physician was sent for, who succeeded in recalling him to life. Don Pedro related what had happened. The pin was sought for and found, and, on a chemical analysis, some traces were discovered on it of the juice of a certain subtle poison in which the native hunters of Spanish America used formerly to dip their arrows, to enable them to kill their game the more speedily. The poisoned weapon had passed through the several folds of Balboa's dress, by which means, probably, a part of the venom had been rubbed off, for he recovered in a short time. Catalina, on being brought before the Alcaldes del Crimen, not only avowed her crimes, but added, that her failure was the only circumstance that she regretted. She was condemned to the scaffold, and met her death with firmness. Her husband's skill as a chemist had of course given her the opportunity of acquiring that knowledge of poisons which ultimately caused her own end.

This tale is taken, without the slightest change of facts, from the records of the criminal courts of Seville, where the trial of the unfortunate and guilty lady took place but a short time since. However marvellous some of the circumstances may appear, there can be no doubt of the veracity of the relation, though it is possible that Catalina, in compassing her rival's death, may have contrived secretly to conjoin more commonplace and effectual means with those to which the catastrophe is here ascribed, and was ostensibly owing.

#### LIFE AND POETRY OF WILLIAM DUNBAR.

WILLIAM DUNBAR was the Burns of the fifteenth century. To most of our readers his name is probably unknown, while of the remainder but a small portion can have made themselves acquainted with his works. He nevertheless was a poet of very high and extraordinary endowments, possessed of great descriptive powers, a vivid and breathing fancy, fine moral aspirations, and a satiric weapon of the keenest edge. His living before the general diffusion of printing in his country, seems to have been the sole reason why his writings did not acquire greater popularity, and are not now better known.

He was a native of Scotland, but of what particular district has not been ascertained. Neither is it known whether his birth was gentle or simple. He was probably a youth of about fifteen, when, in 1475, he commenced attendance at the University of St Andrews, in which seminary, four years later, he attained the degree of Master of Arts. As a friar of the Franciscan order (Grey Friars), he travelled for some years, not only in Scotland, but also in England and France, preaching, as was the custom of the order, and subsisting by the alms of the pious, a mode of life which he himself acknowledges to have involved a constant exercise of falsehood, deceit, and flattery. In time, he had the grace, or was enabled by circumstances, to renounce this sordid profession. It is supposed, from various allusions in his writings, that, from about the year 1491 to 1500, he was occasionally employed by the king (James IV.) in some subordinate but not unimportant capacity, in connection with various foreign embassies, and that, in this capacity, he visited Germany, Italy, Spain, and France, besides England and Ireland. He could not thus fail to acquire much of that knowledge of mankind which forms so important a part of the education of the poet.

In the year last mentioned, the king granted him a pension of ten pounds yearly, to be paid until he should be provided with a benefice of forty pounds. This circumstance, and his having performed mass before the king in 1504, show that he had assumed priests' orders. At the close of 1501, he visited England, probably in connection with the embassy which negotiated the marriage between King James and the Princess Margaret, daughter of Henry VII. He was probably present at the affiancing of the royal pair,

\* Since writing the above, we have read an account of a new kind of stove invented by Dr Neill Arnott; but we postpone any description of it, or any opinion on its merits, until we have seen it tested by actual operation.

which took place at St Paul's Cross, London, in circumstances of great solemnity and splendour, on the 25th of January 1502; and it is also supposed likely that he was the individual mentioned in the account of King Henry's private expenses, as the Rhymer of Scotland, upon whom the English king at two different times conferred the sum of six pounds thirteen shillings and fourpence. The girlish consort of the Scottish monarch arrived in Edinburgh in August 1503, previous to which period the poet had celebrated the marriage in a beautiful allegorical poem, entitled *The Thistle and the Rose*.

Though this may seem an early age for the production of good poetry in so remote and poor a country as Scotland, many bards of name had flourished there at an earlier period. Barbour wrote his noble historical poem of the Bruce about 1370, and Blind Harry the Minstrel composed his equally chivalric, if less faithful tale of Wallace, rather more than a century later. The genius of James I., kindled at the flame of Chaucer during his captivity in England, had produced his King's Quair, and probably the comic poems which pass under his name. Holland and Henryson were descriptive and allegorical poets of no mean note, and we are told of many others of whom no relic has been preserved. Though Scotland, indeed, had produced no equal to Chaucer, she nurtured many who excelled all the other English poets down to the days of Surrey and Wyatt, and, in Dunbar and his contemporaries Douglas and Kennedy, she now possessed a galaxy of genius such as did not again brighten her own literary history for several ages. Were it not indeed for Ramsay, Burns, and Scott, we should say that it is to the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, that we are to look for the great days of the Scottish Muse.

Dunbar stands decidedly at the head of these our elder rhymers. His poems may be said to be of three classes, the Allegorical, the Moral, and the Comic, besides which there is a vast number of productions composed on occasions affecting himself, and which may therefore be called personal poems. His chief allegorical poems are *The Thistle and the Rose*, the *Dance*, and the *Golden Terge*; but allegory abounds in many others, which do not strictly fall within this class. Perhaps the most remarkable of all his poems is one of those here enumerated, the *Dance*. It describes a procession of the seven deadly sins in the infernal regions, and for strength and vividness of painting, would stand a comparison with any poem in the language.

— first in all the dance was PRIDE,<sup>1</sup>  
With hair wiled back and bonnet on side.

Then IN came in with sturt and strife;  
His hand was ay upon his knife,  
He brandished like a bear;  
Roosters, braggarts, and bargainers,  
After him, passed in to pairs,  
All bidden in 'feir of weir.<sup>2</sup>  
In jacks, and scrips, and bonnets of steel;  
Their legs were chained down to the heel;  
Froward was their effort:  
Some upon other with brands beft,<sup>3</sup>  
Some jaggit others, to the left,  
With knives that sharp could shear.

Next him in dance came COVETISE,  
Root of all evil and grund of vice.  
That never could be content:  
Caitiffs, wretches, and ockersars,<sup>4</sup>  
Hood-pykes,<sup>5</sup> boarders, and gatherers,  
All with that warlock went:  
Out of their throats they shot on other  
Het molten gold, methought, a father,<sup>6</sup>  
As fire-slaught maist fervent;

As they tomt them of shot,  
Fiends filled them new up to the throat  
With gold of all kind gress.<sup>7</sup>  
Syne SWINNESS,<sup>8</sup> as the second bidding,  
Came like a sow out of a midden.  
Full slepy was his grunyle;<sup>9</sup>  
Mony swerl bumbard belly-huddon,<sup>10</sup>  
Mony slute daw, and slepy duddon,<sup>11</sup>  
Him servit ay with sunyle.<sup>12</sup>  
He drew them furth intill a chenyle,  
And belial with a bridle reynyle  
Ever lashed them on the lunyle;<sup>13</sup>  
In dance they were ene slaw of feet,  
They gave them in the fire a heat,  
And made them quicker of counyle.<sup>14</sup>

Then the foul monster GLUTTONY,  
Of wame insatiable and greedy,  
To dance he did him dress:  
Him followed mony foul drunkart,  
With can and collop, camp and quart,  
In surfeit and excess;  
Full mony a waulf wally-drag,  
With wames unweildable, did forth wag,  
In creich that did feroc.  
Drink! ay they cried, with mony a gape;  
The Fiends gave them bet lead to lap,  
Their livery<sup>15</sup> was ene leas.

<sup>1</sup> In our endeavours to make the poetry extensively known, we have conceived it allowable, although at the hazard of incurring the ire of all genuine antiquaries, to modernise the spelling.

<sup>2</sup> Arrayed in the accoutrements of war.

<sup>3</sup> Gave blows. <sup>4</sup> Usurers. <sup>5</sup> Misers. <sup>6</sup> Great quantity.

<sup>7</sup> Every coinage. <sup>8</sup> Lascivious. <sup>9</sup> Grunt.

<sup>10</sup> Dirty lazy tipplers. <sup>11</sup> Slow and slepy drabs.

<sup>12</sup> Excess. <sup>13</sup> Loins. <sup>14</sup> Circulation, as of coin.

<sup>15</sup> Reward.

The most solemn and impressive of the more exclusively moral poems of Dunbar, is one in which he represents a thrush and nightingale taking opposite sides in a debate on earthly and spiritual affections, the thrush ending every speech or stanza with a recommendation of "a lusty life in Love's service," and the nightingale with the more melodious declaration, "All Love is lost but upon God alone." There is, however, something more touching to common feelings in the less laboured verses in which he moralises on the brevity of existence, the shortness and uncertainty of all ordinary enjoyments, and the wickedness and woes of mankind.

This wavering world's wretchedness,  
The failing and fruitless business,  
The mispent time, the service vain,  
For to consider is ene pain.

The eliding joy, the gladness short,  
The feigned love, the false comfort,  
The swerl abade,<sup>1</sup> the slightful train,<sup>2</sup>  
For to consider is ene pain.

The sugared months, with minds therefra,  
The figured speech, with faces tway;  
The pleasing tongues, with hearts unplain,  
For to consider is ene pain.

Or, in another poem:

Evermair unto this world's joy,  
As nearest heir, succeeds annoy;  
Therefore when joy may not remain,  
His very heir, succeeds Pain.

He is at the same time by no means disposed habitually to take gloomy or desponding views of life. He has one poem, of which each stanza ends with "For to be blyth methink it best." In another, he advises, since life is so uncertain, that the good things of this world should be rationally enjoyed while it is yet possible. "Thine awn gude spend," says he, "while thou has space." There is yet another, in which these Horatian maxims are still more pointedly enforced, and from this we shall select a few stanzas:

Be merry, man, and tak not sair in mind  
The wavering of this wretched world of sorrow;  
To God be humble, to thy friend be kind,  
And with thy neighbours gladly lend and borrow;  
His chance to-night, it may be thine to-morrow;  
Be blyth in heart for my adventure,  
For oft with wise men it has been said afore,  
Without Gladness availes no Treasure.

Make thee gude cheer of that God thee sends,  
For wauld's wark and weifare; nought availes;  
Nae gude is thine save only that thou spends;  
Remenant all thou bruikis but with baile;<sup>1</sup>  
Seek to solace when sadness thee assails;  
In dolour lang thy life may not endure,  
Wherefore of comfort set up all thy baile;  
Without Gladness availes no Treasure.

Follow on pity, flee trouble and debate,  
With famous folkis hald thy company;  
Be charitable and hum'le in thine estate,  
For warldly honour lastes but a cry.  
For trouble in earth tak no melancholy;  
Be rich in patience, if thou in gude be poor;  
Who lives merrily he lives mightily;  
Without Gladness availes no Treasure.

The philosophy of these lines is excellent.

Dunbar was as great in the comic as in the solemn strain, but not so pure. His *Twa Married Women* and the *Widow* is a conversational piece, in which three gay ladies discuss, in no very delicate terms, the merits of their husbands, and the means by which wives may best advance their own interests. The *Friars of Berwick* (not certainly his) is a clever but licentious tale. There is one piece of peculiar humour, descriptive of an imaginary tournament between a tailor and a shoemaker, in the same low region where he places the dance of the seven deadly sins. It is in a style of the broadest farce, and full of very offensive language, yet as droll as any thing in Scarron or Smollett. The first of the two mock heroes is thus painted—

The Tailyor, bath with spear and shield,  
Conveyit was into the field,  
With mony a limmer loon.

His banner was borne him before,  
Wherein were clouth a hunder score,  
Ilk ane of divers hue;  
And all stolen out of sundry webs,  
For, while the sea fills and ebbs,  
Tailyors will never be true.

He hecht highly before Mahoun,  
That he should ding the Sowtar down,  
Though he were wicht as mast;<sup>1</sup>  
But when he on the burras blenkitt,<sup>2</sup>  
The Tailyor's courage a little shrenkitt,  
His heart did all o'ercast.  
And when he saw the Sowtar come,  
Of all sic words he was dumb,  
Full sair he was aghest!

The Sowtar to the field him drest,  
He was conveyit out of the west,  
As a defender stout;

<sup>1</sup> Delay.

<sup>2</sup> Snare.

<sup>3</sup> World's trash without health.

<sup>4</sup> Injuries.

<sup>5</sup> Gave strong promises.

<sup>6</sup> Stout as a mast.

<sup>7</sup> Glanced at the burras or enclosure in which the tournament was to take place.

Suppose he had no lusty variet,  
He had full mony duddy harlot,<sup>1</sup>  
Fast running him about.  
His banner was a barkitt hide,  
Wherein Saint Girmiga did glide  
Before that ribald rott.  
Full ousar-like he was of laits,<sup>2</sup>  
For ay, between the harness plates,  
The olys bursitt out.

The two champions are alike afraid of the encounter, and end their josting in common disgrace. The poet seems to have been remonstrated with by the corporations of tailors and shoemakers in Edinburgh, on the ridicule he had thrown upon their professions, for he has another poem entitled *The Amends to the Tailors and Sowtars*, at the conclusion of which is written, "Quoth Dunbar when he drank to the deacons for amends to the bodies of their crafts." But the best of the joke is, that, in this poem, while he professes to flatter the worthy craftsmen, he is still found indulging in a sly burlesque of them. It represents an angel blessing them.

Sowtars, with shoos weel made and meet,  
Ye mend the faults of ill-made foot,  
Wherefore to heaven your souls will flee;  
Tailyors and Sowtars, blessed be ye.

And Tailyors with weel-made claes,  
Can mend the warst of men that gae,  
And mak him seemly for to see;  
Tailyors and Sowtars, blessed be ye.

Though God mak ene misfaisont man,  
Ye can him shape anew again,  
And fasson him better by sic three;  
Tailyors and Sowtars, blessed be ye.

Though a man have a broken back,  
Have ye a gude crafty Tailyor, what rack!  
That it can cover with craftis ale!  
Tailyors and Sowtars, blessed be ye.

Of God grit kindness may ye claim,  
That helps his people frae crook and lame,  
Supporting faults with your supplie;  
Tailyors and Sowtars, blessed be ye.

Dunbar is known by the Lord Treasurer's books to have enjoyed his pension at least down to the period of the king's death, which took place at Flodden field in September 1513. But it is sad to relate of one who possessed so buoyant and mirthful a spirit, that his life was not, as far as we can judge, a happy one. He appears to have repined greatly at the servile court life which he was condemned to lead, and to have longed anxiously for some independent source of income. Amongst his poems are many containing nothing but expressions of solicitude on this subject. In a thousand ingeniously varied ways, he lets the king know his wishes; but still James seems determined to detain him at Holyrood, thinking, perhaps, that he could "better spare a better man." Dunbar had the queen's interest in behalf of his suit, but we can see that it availed little, for he prays fervently in one set of verses that the king were Joan Thomson's Man, that is, one who allowed his wife to govern him. Vainly does he tell that he looks not for great abbeyes, but would be content with "ane kirk scant coverit with heather." Vainly does he remonstrate with the monarch for preferring the foolish and profligate. Vainly does he hint that his nurse used, in his infancy, to amuse him with the song of "Dandely, bishop, dandely!" He at last works himself up to one unusually ludicrous attempt to gain his point, sending the king a petition as from his "grey horse auld Dunbar," each verse of which ends with a fear that he will yet be a *Yule's yald* (literally, Christmas old horse), a term that seems to have had a place in Scottish superstition, with reference to some penalty which one incurred if he left any work undone on Christmas eve.

Though in the stall I be not clappit,  
As courters that in silk be trapit,  
With ane new house I wald be happit,  
Against this Christmas for the cauld.  
Sir, let it never in town be tauld,  
That I could be ane Yule's yald.

I am ane Auld Horse, as ye knaw,  
That ever in dule does dring and draw;  
Great court horse put me frae the staw,  
To fang the fog by firth and fauld.  
Sir, let it never in town be tauld,  
That I could be ane Yule's yald.  
My mane is turned into white,  
And thereof ye have all the wyle!<sup>1</sup>  
When other horse had bran to bite,  
I gat but gerse, nip if I wald.  
Sir, let it never in town be tauld,  
That I could be ane Yule's yald.

With much more to the like purpose—to which the good-humoured king appears to have returned the following answer on the back of the petition:—

After our writings, Treasurer,  
Tak in this gray horse, Auld Dunbar,  
Whilk, in my sight, with service true,  
In heart changed in his hue:  
Gar house him now against this Yule,  
And buik him like ane bishop's mule;  
For with my hand I have endowd  
To pay whatever his trappings cost.

The poor petitioner survived the year 1517, and is supposed to have died about 1520, at the age of sixty; but whether he ultimately succeeded in obtaining

<sup>1</sup> The canaille or lowest populace.

<sup>2</sup> Manners.

<sup>3</sup> Blame.



preference, is not known. His writings, with scarcely any exception, remained in the obscurity of manuscript till the beginning of the last century, when their merits had become only half appreciable through the obsolescence of the language in which they were written. Nevertheless, the fame of Dunbar has been gradually rising since then, and it was at length, in 1834, so great as to justify a complete edition of his works. This publication came forth under the care of Mr David Laing, of Edinburgh, decidedly the individual best qualified by his tastes and acquirements to do justice to the undertaking.

## NOTES ON A FEW SUBJECTS.

### CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

There are some acts of the legislature which, because they excite no great amount of controversy in passing, are little thought of, then or afterwards, but yet, in the eye of a benevolent mind, are more significant, and of more real importance, than nine out of ten of those which attract the most notice. Of this class we consider the act against cruelty to animals—a measure for which there was no precedent that we are aware of in the days of either Greek or Roman greatness, or amongst the modern nations of Europe. The idea of extending the right of *personal protection* from the human being to the brute tribes was one reserved for Britain and the nineteenth century, and one for which, in our opinion, they are entitled to some credit. Yet the triumph is not by any means a complete one. We are forced, with humility, to recollect that there are other parts of Europe where legislative interference was not so necessary as in Britain; and also that, though the law was passed, it has by no means abolished the practices against which it was directed. In France, and most other continental countries, horses, dogs, and other animals, are generally treated with extreme humanity, and there, of course, no express legal enactment is required for their protection. The Frenchman talks to his horse, coaxes it on with words of endearment, gives it a portion of his bread, and sweetens its mouth with a bit of sugar or carrot; the animal consequently becomes most tractable, and exerts himself to the utmost of his ability for his master. The Turks are the kindest of all people to their animals. Their religion teaches them that acts of kindness done to animals, will be esteemed as good deeds by the Almighty, and thus their piety is ever exerted in seeking out objects whereon their humane feelings can be exercised. Pious Turks will not suffer birds' nests to be disturbed, neither will they wantonly kill any feathered or furred creature. A recent traveller mentions that he has seen wealthy Turks at Constantinople, in coming out of the mosques or churches, buy cagefuls of birds, to which they immediately had the pleasure of giving liberty. Cats are also much taken care of by the Turks, and even dogs, which they deem unclean, are objects of constant solicitude. In every town in Turkey there are low stone fountains of fresh water, at which the dogs in the streets may at all times slake their thirst.

We can show nothing like this kindness to animals in England or Scotland. We cannot show a single fountain in a single town placed for the convenience of dogs. We can, without doubt, point to a few horse troughs erected here and there on the waysides, but these are not set up merely with the view of comforting the animals, but to prevent them from sinking under their load, and so failing in the execution of their appointed task. Besides, how frequently do we see these horse fountains destroyed! We know at least half a dozen in ruins within as many miles of Edinburgh. The placing of so much as a shilling's worth of metal about them, is certain to ensure their destruction.

The horse leads a very fine gentlemanly sort of life in England, provided he is a good or an elegantly formed horse. If he be youthful, has a beautiful glossy skin, can win a race, and show a pedigree, he will be petted, pampered, talked of, and chronicled. But let him grow old, lose his polish, and begin to lag in his paces, and it is all over with him—degradation and suffering mark the close of his career. Reader, have you ever seen a London cab-horse—once perhaps a racer—a creature yoked between two shafts, trailing a top-heavy vehicle after him, and urged on with the bitter, bitter lash, applied over his thin flanks and half-famished sides: crack, crack, the whip is sounding in our ears at this moment, as the pitiless driver hurries on in his headlong course, dashing through betwixt waggons, coaches, and carts, and try-

ing, by his very speed, and the sustaining power of wheel and harness, to keep the poor animal from sinking and dying in the midst of the thoroughfare.

Along with the London cab-men we may class the Scotch coal-carters. Both may be supposed to rank as one genus, as respects the interest they take in the welfare of the brute creation. The Edinburgh coal-driver may be described as a sublimation of the peculiar genus to which he belongs. His favourite mode of driving his horse consists in tugging him with a rope halter by the left hand, while he belabours him with a stick with the right. He is of course perfectly regardless as to where his strokes fall. A good horseman never strikes his horse before the saddle, but the carter makes no distinction. Sometimes the blows are directed upon the head and across the eyes or mouth of the horse; sometimes across the back or legs; and when these blows do not produce the proper effect, he aims a well-directed kick with the point of his iron-shod foot against the belly of the animal. But, frequently, the load is so disproportionate to the poor horse's strength or feeding, that all these appliances, blows as well as kicks, accompanied with unmeaning howls of execration, fail in causing the animal to go forward, and he sinks down in the open street, a victim of the most brutal tyranny that the human mind can picture.

The perfect impunity with which persons of the above humble order maltreat their horses, often causes us to feel ashamed of the police of the country. The law, indeed, might as well have never been enacted, for no one seems to pay any regard to it. We now allude to the subject, with the hope of stirring up some philanthropic individuals to take ready and energetic means to enforce the provisions of the statute. We do not here appeal to ordinary commonplace persons who take things easily, or who are afraid of "coming before the public." We direct our observations to persons who have at once leisure and inclination to emulate the conduct of the benevolent Howard, and who will devote themselves with heart and soul to the duty of protecting animals from oppression. Who volunteers in this noble cause?

### THE RESPIRATOR (ADDITION TO FORMER NOTICE).

Our first notice of the Respirator was brief, and in one respect incorrect. Since its publication, Mr Jeffreys, the inventor of the instrument, has favoured us with a polite communication, accompanied by a Respirator, besides some of the component parts of another, and a pamphlet which he has published on the subject, so that we are now able to describe it more exactly. The instrument, in its entire form, is a mask for the lower part of the countenance, with a square compartment in front of the mouth, so constructed as to admit of the passage of the breath. As formerly mentioned, the object is to heat cold air to a certain mild temperature before it is admitted into the lungs. For this purpose, the square compartment in front of the mouth contains from nine to fifteen *lattices*, like the framework of so many windows (the openings being about one-half by one-fifth of an inch, as nearly as we can judge by the eye), across which are soldered a vast number of minute brass wires; the whole forming, as it were, a dense forest of brass wires, through which the air passes out and in without any sensible obstruction. A thick handkerchief over the mouth, by which the inspired air is heated, is only a more awkward and less efficient and healthy mode of producing the effect of Mr Jeffreys's Respirator. The mechanical dexterity shown in the fabrication of the instrument, speaks strongly for the advanced state of the arts in England. To quote Mr Jeffreys's letter: "The frame or *lattices* is a thin plate of silver or other metal, pierced with quadrangular holes in so delicate a manner as to leave, unbroken, bars of only 1-90th of an inch between the holes. This is executed by very curious machinery, and is, I assure you, the finest execution of the kind in the arts, very far surpassing any thing the first artist in the kingdom would, at any price, undertake to do for me. The piercing machinery, it was declared by one of them, could not last more than one day, performing such work; whereas 14,000 *lattices* were pierced before it required re-setting. The wires are laid by accurate machinery at from 1-200th to 1-400th of an inch apart, and are soldered to every bar they pass over, so that, in one full-power Respirator of the largest size, there are about 140,000 points of soldering." We were wrong in speaking of the outer plate as of horn: it is of silver, coloured dark, and its only purposes are to shroud the wirework from public view, and to protect it from

the impulse of the wind. In the arrangement of the wired frames, there is, we find, a very nice point in science involved. Each frame, and each particular wire, must be apart, to prevent the conduction of the heat. The general result of the use of the Respirator is to enable one, at all times, and in all circumstances, to breathe the air of a warm climate. We may mention that we know a gentleman who regularly sleeps with one, in order to protect his lungs from the irritation to which they would, in his present condition, be liable, from the air of a cold chamber.

### CROSSING THE LINE.

THE ceremonies customary among sailors in crossing the equator, have, we believe, been more than once described, but yet are not perhaps well known to a large portion of the public. The following account of them is the composition of a gentleman who has actually witnessed, and borne a part (that of a sufferer) in them.

I sailed from Portsmouth, in April 1814, in an East India vessel of a thousand tons. There were seventeen passengers besides myself, the only youth amongst them. The most conspicuous of the number was an old corpulent general, who regularly took his two bottles of port every day after dinner, and then strutted upon deck with an extremely comical oscillation of gait. He was accompanied by his wife, a pretty lively creature of seventeen, happy in her recent emancipation from boarding-school control. Jokes innumerable were shot off at the old gentleman, who, with a fat good nature, was always the first to laugh at them himself. Even when these were practical, they did not put him out of humour:—for instance, a vagabond officer observing that, in his after-dinner walks, he was in the habit, when the weather was warm, of leaving his hat on the capstan, took it up slyly, and covered the lining with tar. Soon after, a breeze getting up, the general took up his hat, and put it on, and then continued his parade between the mainmast and the cuddy. In time, the heat melted the tar, which began to stream down his cheeks in unequal lines, to the great amusement of all who beheld it, and were aware of the cause. Conceiving it to be merely the natural perspiration, he frequently lifted his hat to wipe his forehead, but without discovering the nature of the unguent. Finally, he went down to tea, and took his seat at table with the greatest gravity, when the bursting laughter of the company at length led to a detection of the trick. None laughed more heartily than his own volatile spouse; and in a little while he was able to enjoy the joke himself, though I must confess that, for the first five minutes, he seemed a little grave. Another of the passengers was a Scotchman, a captain of the Bombay Native Infantry, greatly given to the use of long pompous-sounding words, and whose wife, with good looks and good nature, was perpetually exciting the mirth of the company by silly remarks. There was nothing singular about the rest of the company.

We reached latitude 0 without a single adventure of the least consequence. In the morning of the day on which we were to gain that point, the last-mentioned lady asked if she could have a sight of the line through a telescope. A silk thread was fastened across the bottom of the glass, and she was desired to take the instrument into her own hands, and look out for it. She immediately exclaimed that she saw it; and after a time, having satisfied her curiosity, gave back the telescope, apparently quite contented.

We were previously made aware that, on this day, according to ancient usage, the sailors were to be indulged in unrestrained licence, and that they were to employ the privilege in performing a well-known piece of mummery, in the course of which the passengers would be entirely abandoned by the master of the vessel as subjects for their uncouth and outrageous sport. I was not therefore surprised to receive in my cabin, before I had risen, a visit from the ship-armourer's deputy, a tall rough-looking fellow, with a countenance already inflamed above its ordinary red by an extra portion of grog. From his pocket he pulled out three thick pieces of iron, shaped like razors, which he laid upon the table. The edge of the first was jagged like a coarse saw; the next was somewhat less rough; and the third had comparatively a smooth edge.

"There, young man," said he, "which of these beautifully tempered implements of my trade—for I am the mighty Neptune's barber—would you prefer being used about the worst part of your fair-weather countenance—number one, two, or three? They are all admirable shavers, and will take off a beard like yours to a hair."

Alas, I had scarcely then a beard to my chin. "Why," I answered, in a tone of extreme modesty and good temper, "as you are so polite as to offer me a choice, I should much prefer the instrument with the smoothest edge."

"That razor," replied my visitor, cannot be used upon mortal chin, unless the privilege of being shaved with it is well paid for. It is daily applied by me to the immortal face of my great master Neptune. You cannot of course expect to have the beard taken off yours with the same heaven-tempered article, unless you pay a handsome fee for the honour."

"Oh, very well," said I, and placed a guinea in his grimy palm.

"Nay, young gentleman, that is the price of number two. I never apply number three to the chin of a mortal for less than two guineas and a pint of rum."

I immediately gave him the two guineas and a bottle of brandy, with which he professed to be content.

This nautical Figaro now quitted me, and went to a young man in the steerage, who was on his passage to Bombay as a free merchant.

"Well, my fine fellow," said the royal barber, "how do you find yourself in this here latitude? how's your beard? for you'll be shaved to-day, as sure as my name's Ben Bartlett. But don't mind, it will be done nicely, for you are in capital hands. Can you pay to be scraped genteelly, for you know we don't shave in this here latitude for nothing?"

"I have crossed the line before, so that I'm not a candidate for the honour you would confer upon me."

"When did you cross the line? You look too much like a land-lubber to have had my master Neptune's certificate of having passed his borders. Don't think to gammon older heads than that curly skull which wags so jauntily upon those spare shoulders."

"Do you doubt my word?"

"Words, Mr What-d'ye-call-'um, are a sort of coin that don't pass current in these here parts; we only take pieces with the king's head upon 'em. And as to your having crossed the line, you won't get any body on the other side on't to believe it. I must let you into a little bit of a secret. Our king, brother to the great Jupiter, but this very morning went up in a water-spout to the realms of old father Saturn, and looked over the register, kept in the Rolls Court of his dominions, to see who had paid the fee of passage over the borders of Neptune's empire, but he saw no such name as your's upon the rolls, and you know it must have been recorded had you crossed. Come, your money, or as sure as you've a beard upon your chin, it will be rasped with number one."

Thus ended the colloquy, and the poor young free merchant, who I verily believe had crossed the line two several times, having determined to resist the levy of the fictitious Neptune and his accessories, was set down by the imperial shaver upon the list of candidates for the saw-edged razor.

To every passenger in both parts of the vessel, the delegate paid a similar visit. Some, who had crossed the line before, and were vouched for by the captain, escaped impost, but with difficulty, for this was a fact about which Neptune's officers seemed remarkably inclined to be sceptical. The Scotch captain was the only man in our cabin who neither substantiated a former passage nor submitted to the impost, and the barber left him with many ominous grumblings. After the round had been completed, and a register made, specifying the respective candidates for numbers one, two, and three, an order was given for the passengers to go below, in such a peremptory tone, that I really began to fancy that the command of the ship had been resigned to the counterfeit Neptune.

When assembled in the steerage, we were desired to wait there patiently until summoned upon deck into the presence of ocean's king. We had all taken care to dress ourselves in coloured cotton jackets and trousers, to avoid adding the sacrifice of a good suit of clothes to that of the coating of our chins. While stuffed under hatches, we heard the bustle of preparation above, and looked forward with feverish anxiety to the moment when the first of us should be summoned upon deck. It was really a painful state of anxiety, and I well remember to this day the extreme agitation I endured whilst under the torture of suspense. Some of the party affected to laugh at the thing as a good joke, but there was an expression on every countenance not to be mistaken, which explicitly told that it would turn out an agreeable joke to none.

I listened to the din overhead, and a rumbling noise soon convinced me that the mummery had begun. When it was ascertained that the ship was near the line, a loud shout was raised by the sub-marine aristocracy, arrayed in their official robes, and decorated with their respective badges. At noon, the presence of the mighty Neptune was announced by the blowing of a long tin horn from the fore-castle. This summons was answered by the officer of the watch through a speaking-trumpet. The potentate of the deep was then drawn forward upon a gun-carriage to the quarterdeck, where the captain was ready to receive him. Neptune upon this occasion was personated by the ship's armourer, a tall strapping blacksmith, whose limbs were cast in a mould of Herculean proportions. He stood at least six feet three inches out of his shoes, and was altogether a fine fellow, possessing a coarse but shrewd and ready wit, and performing his part, in spite of deep potatoes of grog, in a manner by no means unworthy of the majesty which he represented. He bore in his hand a trident, the head of which, formed by his own ingenuity and labour, was fixed into the discarded handle of a mop. The car in which he sat was a water-tub, propped upon a gun-carriage, and decorated with flags. He was drawn by eight sturdy seamen, in the character of Tritons. Neptune, round his capacious forehead, "the likeness of a kingly crown had on," being neither more nor less than an old tin kettle, the bottom of which had been chumped out, while the sides had been filed into spires, to resemble a diadem. The upper part of his body was naked, and painted a nondescript colour, between azure and green; several long strips of horse-hair hanging over

his shoulders, and sweeping the edges of his triumphal car. His face was so bedaubed with paint, that not a feature could be recognised. His right hand held the trident; his left was stuffed most majestically into his breeches pocket.

As soon as the sea-god was dragged to the quarter-deck, the trembling victims of his tyranny were allowed for a short time to breathe a freer air. The hatches being uncovered, as many of us as could get on the ladder were permitted to take a peep at the farce that was going on. Neptune's Tritons were far more grotesque than their sovereign master, being so drunk that they could scarcely stand, and arrayed in such a manner as to make them appear as monstrous as possible. Their brows were encircled with wet swabs hanging over their shoulders, dripping with black bilge water, and spattered with oatmeal. Their faces were smeared with red ochre, the upper parts of their bodies being naked, and painted with the rude forms of dragons, whales, and "monsters of the deep."

Amphitrite, upon the present occasion, was represented by a short sturdy sailor, whose growth had stopped so long before his manhood, that he carried the height of a mere boy in the breadth of a vigorous man. He was dressed in a costume by which it was difficult to know to which sex the spouse of his aquatic majesty claimed to belong. Upon her head she wore what was intended for a wig, composed of hemp, frizzled by the barber for the occasion; and down her broad back hung two dripping swabs, curled upon a marlinspike and covered with oatmeal, like those which encircled the foreheads of her attending Tritons. From her waist depended a coarse mat, which supplied the place of a petticoat, hanging to her heels, and thus concealing the muscularity of her royal legs. She stood by the side of Neptune with a pipe in her mouth, from which she propelled volumes of smoke.

At Neptune's left hand stood the barber, armed with his three razors, and a large brush fixed to the end of a broomstick. Neptune was no sooner placed upon the quarterdeck, than the captain advanced, made him a profound bow, and desired to know his pleasure. The potentate immediately drew from the bottom of the car a sort of chart and a pair of compasses. The former he placed upon his knee, and with the latter began to measure the boundaries of his empire, in order to show that the ship had reached the limits of that portion of ocean which was common property, and was about to enter those dominions over which the imperial son of Saturn especially presided, and into which he allowed no one to pass without paying a fee, and undergoing that divine rite of chin-scraping which should constitute him henceforward a free denizen of his sovereignty.

The captain acknowledged the truth of Neptune's representation, as well as the justice of his claim, and forthwith ordered the hatches to be again closed upon the passengers. We were all in a state of miserable suspense during the settlement of these preliminaries, and it became a question whether we should not, one and all, resist the tyranny with which we were threatened. By the majority, however, it was deemed imprudent to oppose a set of drunken sailors, sanctioned as their amusement was by the captain and officers of the ship; we therefore unanimously resolved to offer no opposition.

The summons at length arrived for one of the captives to ascend the deck, when the formidable barber, with his three razors, waited to receive him. This caused a general shudder, though some affected to laugh at what they called a good joke; it was, however, very evident that they really thought it a bad one. The hatches being opened, the surgeon, who, though a young man of firm nerves, did not at all approve of the ceremony, was first ordered to mount the steps: this he did with just that sort of alacrity which a criminal displays when going to be hanged. His eyes were bandaged, and as his motions were rather slow and reluctant, he was dragged by the arm through the hatchway by two stout Tritons, who exercised their rude jests upon us as we stood gazing at the unhappy victim about to undergo the infliction of number two. When he had reached the quarterdeck, the hatches were instantly closed upon us, and we were left to our meditations.

"Well, my lads," said the sailor who had been placed in the steerage to take care of us, "I'll soon be over now, and when you've had your ducking, you'll be as frisky as the merriest of them. They don't take long a-shaving land-lubbers. I remember when I was scraped, the skin didn't fairly cover my chin again for six weeks, and I was all the while like a scalded pig, sore and tender."

This sort of bantering was continued until a second of the party was summoned into the presence of Neptune and his satellites. He ascended as reluctantly as the doctor amid the coarse jeers of the Tritons, who, by this time, showed clearly that the grog had so mounted into their heads as almost entirely to deprive them of the command of their heels.

Four victims were summoned to the shaving-tub before I was called upon. When I heard my name announced, though I pursued up my features into a sort of careless grin, in order to show that I had no apprehension of what I was about to undergo, my heart knocked against my side with such energy that I could hear the pulsations. I ascended the steps without a murmur, and with as ready an activity as I could command. The bandage which had been placed over my eyes did not entirely obstruct my vision, and I could see downwards with tolerable clearness. Upon reaching the deck, I was conducted to an immense water-tub. Across a segment of its vast circumference, a plank was laid, on which I was immediately seated. Seeing that the barber, now so intoxicated as to be scarcely able to stand, was preparing to

apply the roughest razor to my chin, I reminded him that I had purchased the privilege of being scraped with the smoothest. "You say true, my lad, I had forgot," he grumbled, with a lounge that had nearly cast him headlong on the deck, but suddenly grasping the side of the tub, he secured his footing. "I took ye for the land-jack who pretended he had crossed the line, and refused to come down with the toll. When it comes to his turn, won't I harrow his face to a pretty tune?"

The compost with which he intended to besmear my chin was now placed in his hand. It consisted of tar, grease, and sundry other much more offensive simples. Having well filled the brush, he placed it opposite to my mouth, asking me at the same moment if I did not find him a very agreeable barber. The bandage round my forehead being by this time considerably loosened, I could distinctly see the brush, and being aware of the intention, kept my lips closed. I knew that, had I separated them, the brush and that villainous mixture with which it was charged, would have been instantly stuffed between, for the amusement of the drunken fellows by whom I was surrounded. As I did not reply, another question was asked: but at this moment, feeling the man stagger, I slipped from the plank upon which I was seated, and pushed from me the unsteady barber, who immediately fell upon his back. Before I could effect my escape, I was seized in the sinewy grasp of a Triton, and pitched head over heels into the tub. The moment I rose, I was pushed under water of a very foul quality, and this was continued until I was nearly suffocated.

The barber meanwhile was raised with some difficulty, vowing vengeance against me for having presumed to obstruct him in the performance of his honourable functions, and he certainly would have inflicted upon me the discipline of number one, had not the officer of the watch, with whom I happened to be something of a favourite, interfered, and saved my face from certain exorciation. I was at length suffered to escape with only a severe ducking, amid the murmurs of the disappointed barber.

No sooner had I quitted the tub, than the Scotch captain, by virtue of a privilege of the initiated, soused me from head to foot with a painful of salt water, which, however, was rather agreeable than otherwise, as it helped to clean me. Anxious to witness the proceedings of the mummery, I seated myself on the poop, and beheld the remaining passengers one after another brought on deck, and subjected to the ceremony. The whole scene struck me as being disgraceful to a British ship's company. Every one of the crew who took part in the business, was so intoxicated that he could scarcely stand, and the blasphemies which they uttered were appalling. There was something in their frolics that savoured more of a savage spirit than of the supposed character of an English tar.

Among the last of the passengers summoned, was the young man who had so vigorously resisted the impost in the morning. He was dragged from the steerage with extreme violence, to which, contrary to my expectation, he offered no resistance. When seated upon the cross-beam over the tub, having opened his lips to answer a question which was put to him, the horrid brush was instantly thrust between, to the infinite amusement of the onlookers. The barber then lathered his face up to the very eyes, all of which was borne with seeming patience. Emboldened by his tameness, which appeared like cowardice, the drunken monster then took up the deeply serrated blade, and, sweeping it smartly along his cheek and chin, inflicted several gashes, from which I could see the blood immediately begin to flow. Incensed at length by this cruel usage, he suddenly slid from the plank, tore the bandage from his eyes, and, striking the barber upon the forehead with his whole force, laid him flat upon the deck. He was immediately surrounded, but, seizing the trident from the grasp of Neptune, who was so stupefied from intoxication that he could scarcely hold it, the ill-used youth wielded it with such lusty energy that he laid several of those who attempted to capture him beside their prostrate companion, the shaver. Having cleared his way through the hostile throng, he rushed towards the cuddy door, which, it being locked in the inside, he burst open with a stroke of his hand, and proceeding to the captain's cabin, demanded admittance. This door was likewise locked, but with one blow of his foot he made a clear passage, and stood before the captain with his face begrimed and bleeding. "Is this," said he, in a tone of vehement indignation, "the manner in which you suffer your passengers to be treated? Sir, I hold you responsible for this indignity. I have been insulted and ill used by your men, and I here demand reparation from you for the injury."

The matter had now become so serious, that the captain thought it his duty to interfere. Instead of resenting the violence of his insulted passenger, he made him the humblest apologies, declaring that he never intended any portion of his crew should proceed so far as they had done, and immediately appeared in person upon deck, ordering that the men should offer no further molestation to the gentleman who had so justly punished them for their brutality. Thus harmony was restored, and the injured youth descended to the steerage to wash his begrimed features, and to plaster his chin.

When all the passengers had been shaved, that unhappy portion of the crew who had not crossed the line were brought upon deck to undergo the same operation. Each, as he was conducted to the tub, was stripped to the waist. A still more offensive mixture than that hitherto employed was made use of; and the manner in which some of the men were treated was really disgraceful to civilised beings, yet neither captain nor officer interfered to prevent the outrage. Several of the poor fellows quitted the deck with the tears streaming from their eyes, in consequence of the gashes inflicted upon their chins. One fine athletic man refused to permit the vile ceremony to be performed upon him, upsetting the imperial car, knocking down the drunken officials, and making his escape unharmed. He was however followed by a strong party of the crew, some of whom were less intoxicated than those immediately composing Neptune's train; these seized him, after



a strong resistance, and forced him upon deck. Having fastened a rope round his waist, they hoisted him to the mainyard-arm, and let him drop from thence into the sea. Here they kept him until he was nearly drowned, and most probably this consummation would have been effected, had not the officer of the watch interfered, and insisted upon the man being drawn up. He was obeyed with much reluctance, and the poor fellow was laid upon the deck all but senseless. The matter did not end here; for the man being removed below, no sooner recovered from the effects of his cruel bath, than he made his appearance among his drunken companions, and tearing off the swabs from Neptune's and the barber's brows, he seized each by the hair, and dashed their heads together with such violence that both fell speechless upon the quarterdeck. He then belaboured the drunken Tritons with such earnestness, that several fell prostrate beneath the might of his muscular arm. This created a general tumult, which was not allayed before more than one broken head had been committed to the charge of the surgeon. The champion in this affray finally retired without a scratch, for he had fortunately escaped the infliction of the razor.

Thus terminated these disgraceful proceedings. Many of the landsmen were not subjected to the penalty of being shaved, in consequence of this opportune tumult, as the captain now interfered, and would not allow the sport to proceed further. Nearly all the men who had participated in it were in such a state of inebriation, as to be unable to go below, but threw themselves under the fore-castle, where they slept until the fumes of the grog were dissipated; though their bloodshot eyes and red inflated cheeks continued for days to mark the extent of their debauch.

Since this time, I have been informed, the ceremonies so long customary on crossing the line have fallen much out of observance, or have been greatly tempered. Perhaps one cause of this may have been a certain lawsuit which took place some years ago at Bombay. A gentleman who had taken a passage on board an Indianman for that port, having heard that he would probably be subjected to the usual ceremony on crossing the line, remonstrated on the subject with the captain, from whom he demanded protection. The latter stated that he never interfered on these occasions—that it was an old custom, which he could not attempt to put a stop to—and, in short, that he could not save his passengers from the usual infliction. "Sir," observed the gentleman, "I have paid you handsomely for the use of a cabin on board your ship. Whilst I continue to occupy it, it is as much my house as a house would be for which I paid rent. No one has any right to enter it but with my consent, and I shall consider it sacred from intrusion whenever I may think proper to retire to it, as a protection against the assumed privilege of your crew. I shall neither pay them their demand, nor suffer them to intrude upon my privacy, on the day when you think proper to give them a licence to be tyrannical." "As you please," was the reply.

On the following day, Neptune hailed the ship, and the recusant individual, who had retired to his private apartment, was summoned to appear. He refused. The door was immediately tried, but found too strongly fastened to be forced. The man who officiated as barber on the occasion, and another man, were then lowered over the ship's side, and, entering the cabin by the port-hole, dragged the refractory malcontent through it, hauled him to the deck, and there subjected him to the rite in its severest and most disgusting form. Upon reaching Bombay, he brought an action against the captain, and recovered three hundred pounds damages.

#### VARIOUS PLANTS USED AS TEA IN DIFFERENT COUNTRIES.

THE tea of China, though we may suppose it the best, is not the only plant used in that capacity in the world. In Mexico and Guatemala the leaves of quite a different plant (*Passalea glandulosa*) are used as tea. In the northern parts of the same continent, there is what is called *Labrador tea*, made from the leaves of the *Gaultheria procumbens* and *Ledum latifolium*—we regret we cannot give English names. The most famous of all American teas, however, is the tea of Paraguay, of which large quantities are annually imported into Peru, Chili, and the States of Buenos Ayres, and the use of it is so universal in South America, that the inhabitants have always some of this tea ready prepared, whether engaged in occupations at home or in the fields, and no person departs on a journey without being provided with a quantity of the herb. It is made by merely pouring warm water on the leaves, and is sipped, through a silver or glass tube, from a small vessel, called a *Maté Pot*, which is carried in the hand, or, should the person be on horseback, or engaged in any occupation requiring the use of his hands, it is suspended from the neck by means of a small chain. It is frequently mixed with a little lemon juice, and is used either with or without sugar. Many European travellers prefer this to any of the teas imported from China. The Paraguay tea is the more remarkable, from its being the produce of a species of holly, a genus hitherto considered as deleterious. This plant has an extensive geographical range, being found in the woody regions of Paraguay, watered by the Parana, Ypane, and Jejuni, in the province of the Minas Geraes, and other districts of Brazil; and it appears to have been found in Guiana. The tree is about the size of the orange-tree, to which it bears considerable resemblance in its habit and leaves. The flowers are white, are tetrandrous, and are succeeded by scarlet berries, like those of the common holly. The leaves, whether fresh or dried, are destitute of smell; but, on a little warm water being poured upon them, they exhale an agreeable odour. Mr Lambert has been so fortunate as to obtain a living plant of this highly interesting tree, which is now growing in his collection at Boyton House, Wilts. In New Holland the leaves of the *Correa alba* make very good tea. The inhabitants of those barren

and remote islands denominated the Kurile Isles, in the Sea of Kamtschatka, prepare a tea from an undescribed species of *Pedicularis*. Many other aromatic herbs of the order *Labiata* are used as tea in different countries.—*Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*.

#### THE BLACK CHIEFS OF HAYTI.

THE large island of Hayti, or St Domingo, in the West Indies, has had a succession of chiefs of the negro race, whose abilities, natural or acquired, go far to disprove the assertion that blacks are either unimprovable, or in some instances inferior to the whites. The first of these remarkable individuals was Toussaint Louverture. The whole of English history does not present a more excellent character than this man possessed. He was born a slave, in the year 1745, upon the plantation of Count de Noé, one of the French possessors of the island. His amiable deportment as a slave, the patience, mildness, and benevolence of his disposition, and the purity of his conduct amid the general laxity of morals which prevailed, gained for him many of those advantages which afterwards gave him an ascendancy over his brethren. His good qualities attracted the attention of M. Bayou, the agent on the estate, who taught him reading, writing, and arithmetic—elements of knowledge which hardly one in ten thousand of his fellow slaves possessed. M. Bayou made him his postilion, which gave him further advantages above those of the field slaves.

The abilities of Toussaint would most likely have for ever remained hid or undeveloped, but for the insurrection which broke out in the colony in 1791. The negro slaves united to exterminate their French masters, and, in two months, upwards of two thousand whites perished, and large districts of fertile plantations were devastated. Much solicitation was used by the insurrectionists to Toussaint to join them; but he declined, until he had procured an opportunity for the escape of his kind patron M. Bayou and his family to Baltimore, shipping a considerable quantity of sugar for the supply of their immediate wants. In his subsequent prosperity, he availed himself of every occasion to give new marks of his gratitude. Having thus provided security for his benefactor, he joined a corps of free blacks, under the orders of General Biasson, in the capacity of his lieutenant; but he was soon raised to the principal command, Biasson being degraded on account of his cruelty and ferocity. Indeed, Toussaint was every way so much superior to the other negroes, by reason of his general intelligence and education, his prudence, activity, and address, not less than his bravery, that he immediately attained a complete ascendancy over the black chieftains. Passing over the military struggles which took place in the island immediately after the assumption of independence by the negroes, we find Toussaint adopting and enforcing the most judicious measures for healing the wounds of his country, and restoring its agricultural and commercial prosperity. That he would ultimately have been successful in his scheme of improvement, there is not the smallest doubt, if he had not been interrupted by Bonaparte. It being one of the main objects of Napoleon to keep the French army in employment, he selected Hayti as a fair field for military aggression, on the plea of resuming the island as a colony of France. In December 1801, he dispatched a force of twenty thousand men, under General Le Clerc, to take possession of Hayti. This expedition proved fruitless in respect of its general object; but it proved fatal to Toussaint, in consequence of the good faith and sincerity which marked his character. Le Clerc brought Toussaint's two sons from France, to which they had been sent to be educated; and the general's orders were to make use of the boys to work on the tenderness of the negro chief, and induce him to abandon his countrymen. If he yielded, he was to be made second in command to Le Clerc; if he refused, his children were to be retained as hostages of his fidelity to the French. Notwithstanding the greatness of the sacrifice demanded of him, Toussaint remained faithful to his brethren. Thus foiled, the French general accomplished the seizure of Toussaint by stratagem. He was treacherously seized in the night, hurried on board of a ship, and transported to Brest in France. He was conducted first to close prison in Chateaux de Joux, and from thence to Besançon, where he was plunged into a cold wet subterranean prison, which soon proved fatal to a constitution used only to the warm skies and free air of the West Indies. Poor Toussaint languished through the winter of 1802-3; and his death, which happened in April 1803, raised a cry of indignation against the government which had chosen this dastardly method of destroying one of the best and bravest men of the negro race.

Bonaparte "took nothing by his move" against Hayti. At first, the French had the upper hand, but soon the negro population rose under Dessalines, an able black chief, who prosecuted the war with vigour and success. The yellow fever aided the cause of the blacks, and swept off great numbers of the French. Le Clerc died, and under his successor, Rochambeau, the French, now reduced to a handful, were driven into a corner of the island, where they were taken prisoners, or, properly speaking, saved from being massacred, by an English squadron. It is likely enough that not one hundred men out of the twenty thousand who had left France, ever returned to their own country. Thus Hayti was once more freed, and

it forthwith renounced all dependence on France. At the same time, Dessalines was constituted governor for life. His reign was short, being slain by a band of conspirators in 1806. Now began the reigns of two rival chiefs, both noted for their abilities. The northern part of the island fell under the sway of Christophe, while that in the south was governed by Petion. Christophe was a pure negro, and had been born a slave. Petion was a mulatto, and had been educated in France. A war raged for several years between these personages, but this did not prevent Christophe from taking judicious measures to establish public order in the territory over which the state had appointed him president. He organised the administration, the marine, and the army, made suitable regulations for the encouragement of agriculture, commerce, and other branches of industry among the people, and by his energy attained the most flattering results. Ambition, however, ruined his prospects. Following the example of Napoleon, whom he imitated, he abolished the republican forms in 1811, and caused himself to be proclaimed King of Hayti, by the name of Henry I. In this assumed character, in which he perpetrated various despotic measures which rendered him odious to the people, he reigned till 1820, when, a rebellion having broken out against his authority, and his life being in danger, he shot himself with a pistol. The monarchical government expired with him, and Boyer, a chief who had in the meantime succeeded Petion, was appointed president of the whole island.

Petion, as we have said, was a mulatto, but of a very dark complexion, and had received the education of a gentleman. He was a man of fine talents, and of honourable feelings and intentions, but not well adapted for the station he was called on to fill. The Haytians, just liberated from absolute slavery, without education, habits of thought, moral energy, and rectitude of character, which are necessary in a government perfectly republican, stood in need of a ruler less kind, gentle, and humane, than Petion. In consequence of this, his people relaxed in their attention to agriculture, his finances became disorganised, and his country impoverished. Unfortunate Petion! disheartened at a state of things which he saw no means of remedying, he sunk into a state of despondency, which ended in voluntary death. His final illness lasted only eight days, during which he resolutely refused all remedies, and every species of aliment, even water, dying at length of mere inanition and despondency. His physicians, upon examining his body after death, found all his functions perfectly sound, and without any trace of malady. He died March 29, 1818, and was succeeded by President Boyer.

Boyer is also a dark mulatto. His father was a shopkeeper and tailor of good repute, and some property, in Port-au-Prince, and his mother a negress from Congo in Africa, who had been a slave in the island. In early life he visited France, where, in all likelihood, he picked up a rude idea of civilised life. On his return, he attached himself to Petion, under whom he rose, and was finally named his successor. It has been already mentioned, that, on the death of Christophe in 1820, he was appointed president of both the south and north parts of the island. In about a year afterwards, a portion of the eastern side of the island, which had till this period remained neutral under the Spaniards, joined the confederacy, and thus Boyer became the undisputed chief of the whole country. Various conflicting accounts have been given of the character of Boyer. He has been usually represented as a weak, vain man, perhaps amiable in temper in some respects, but deficient in skill to conduct the government of a republic. In 1825, he made, what has been called, a most absurd arrangement with France, by which he agreed to pay to that country an indemnity of one hundred and fifty millions of francs (or between six and seven millions of pounds sterling), in five equal annual instalments, in consideration of which, France merely recognised the actual government of Hayti. Of course, Boyer has been unable to make good this arrangement, and the means which France has adopted to enforce the claim may be learned from the newspapers of the day. Among other faults of character, Boyer has been accused of that of imitating and inculcating, in almost every thing, the old usages of the French court—huge cocked hats, boots, and swords, powdered wigs and queues, state coaches and fantastic pageants, and so on, till he has rendered his court a laughing-stock to Europeans. We, however, cannot see any thing very peculiar in these customs. Every European court, till this hour, retains mummeries just as laughable and silly. It was only the other day that a London paper gravely informed the world that a very pretty new ceremony had been established for the queen stepping into her state carriage. As long as a civilised community of whites approves of this kind of nonsense, there can surely be no harm in a half-civilised community of blacks shaking a handful of fair powder on their dusky polls. Considering all things—in particular, recollecting that the Haytians were so unfortunate as to commence their career upon a barbarous French and Spanish model, and also with the French language—the black chiefs have behaved wonderfully well; and though they have failed in placing their country in the foremost rank of nations, they have shown that the negro race is perfectly capable of improvement, and of governing themselves on rational principles. In a century hence, it will be time enough to inquire what progress they have made in moral and intellectual endowments.

## GLEANINGS FROM AMERICAN PAPERS.

**THE MONEY-GETTING PRINCIPLE.**—"I have alluded (says Professor Henry, in his discourse on the importance of a learned class) to the dangerous predominance of two elements in our country. The one is the love of money. Our national character is eminently distinguished, and, in the view of other nations disgraced, by this trait. The whole mass of society, from the top to the bottom, is heaving with the restless struggle for gain. It takes, indeed, in many of its manifestations, a cast of grandeur, from the energy it calls forth, and the vastness of the schemes it employs itself upon. The boundless physical resources of the country are unfolding with unparalleled rapidity. The din and bustle of internal improvement is ringing from one end of the land to the other. The country is growing rich beyond all computation; and almost every man in the country is hustling to be rich. Now, it is not necessary to quarrel with this development of the physical resources of our land. But it is necessary to be aware of the corresponding dangers it brings, and to guard against them. It is needful to feel that national wealth is by no means necessarily national well-being; that merely to be rich no more makes the proper well-being of a nation, than of an individual. On the contrary, the natural tendency of excessive wealth is to luxury, and private and public corruption. It contains a germ of every evil; and unless checked and sanctified by higher and happier influences, is sure to degrade a nation—to blast its prosperity, and work its ruin. This is a truth, of which all history is an impressive demonstration. It is not necessary to quarrel with the natural desire of acquisition; but it is necessary to guard against its excess, and to keep subordinate to its proper ends. In this country it is excessive. It is restless, insatiable, boundless—unhallowed and unredeemed by better influences, by a superior and pervading respect and love for higher and nobler objects. For along with this increase of wealth has come a prodigious growth of luxury—an infinite multiplication of the means and refinements of physical enjoyment; and we are hurrying on with prodigious strides to a state of excessive civilization, without due cultivation—of luxurious indulgence and the refinements of pleasure, without a proportionate growth of intellectual and moral culture, without a lively and respectful regard for the less material and less vulgar interests of life. In such a state of things, the morals of a nation, and the tone of society, cannot but be injuriously affected. Unhappily these evils are but too visible. The use of a single word sometimes tells much in regard to the moral tone of a nation. Is not a sad state of moral feeling betrayed in a country where *wealth*—that good old-English word, designed to express the total sum of the elements of well-being, including all that relates to man's higher nature and wants—has come to mean nothing but *money*; and where *worth* is used to tell *how much* a man has? Yet so it is. Mr Wilkins hath a hundred thousand dollars, and he is *worth* five times as much as Mr Johnson, who hath but twenty thousand, while Mr Thompson hath none, and is *worth* nothing. Throughout the country the great majority of the mass of the people have a profound reverence for nothing but money. Public office is a partial exception. And why should it be otherwise? They see nothing else so powerful. Riches not only secure the material ends of life—its pleasures and luxuries; but they open the way to all the less material objects of man's desire—respect and observance, authority and influence."

**THE DEAD DANCERS.**—A paragraph, copied from a French journal describing the death of a gentleman while waltzing, is going the rounds of the newspapers. The incident reminds us of another which is said to have occurred in New York many years since, and which might furnish the groundwork of a fashionable tale of horror. Miss —, a young lady of beauty and accomplishments, but of a disposition singularly perverse and exacting, was betrothed to a French officer who had been placed upon the half-pay list from being incapacitated for service by a musket ball which he received in his breast, and which had not been extracted. Captain — was an elegant waltzer, but owing to the state of his health he could never take more than one or two turns upon the floor without being overcome by exhaustion, and indeed his physician had expressly forbidden him to share in that exciting dance. Waltzing, though subsequently written out of fashion by the authors of Salmagundi, was at that time nearly as much in vogue as at present, and Miss —, who affected to be a leader of ton, was one of the first always to join in the graceful whirl. Partners, however, were not easy to be obtained unless when foreigners were present, and it chanced one evening that Miss — entered a ball-room just when Captain — had waltzed a few turns, and, overcome with the exercise, was about retiring from the room. The lady was provoked at having arrived too late to secure her lover for the first dance, and with a want of consideration truly unfeminine, laid her hand upon his arm to detain him in passing. Poor Monsieur —, though pale and sinking, had too much of the Frenchman about him to resist the appeal. He begged a short respite, however, which was granted, while the careless girl rattled away with the beaux who had clustered around her as she leaned upon the arm of her silent lover. After a very brief time, a single quadrille only having intervened, the waltzing couples were called to the floor, and the thoughtless Miss — hurried her partner into the gay circle. The band struck up. The dancers moved, and the slow time enabled the invalid captain to get through the first round with apparent ease. He seemed, too, to gather life as the time of the music quickened, and the waltzers moved faster and faster; nay, his strength was renewed, that he soon tired out the other couples. The floor was left to this single pair; and now so swiftly did they whirl around, that the musicians in turn had to follow them with the most rapid execution. The gaze of the whole company was fixed upon this eccentric pair, when suddenly the face of the lady was seen to turn almost of a purple colour, while the features of her partner worked as if affected by some hideous spasm. Her eyes rolled with an anxious, appealing look, while his became fixed with the stare of a maniac. Her arms fell

listlessly by her side—his seemed to contract like hinges of iron about her person; which, folded in his embrace, was flung—with the last move of the delirious and dying man—a corpse upon the floor. The horror-struck spectators sprang to the assistance of the unfortunate lady, but she was already gone, and her lover expired before she could be released from his arms. An examination of the officer's body proved that his death ensued from the dropping inwardly, upon a mortal part, of the bullet he had so long carried about him; and, in the sudden delirium of his death-agony, he had wrought some fatal injury to the lady by the horrible compression in which he held her.

**POETRY.**—The editor of the Woonsocket Patriot thus notices some poetical communications:—"The poetical effusions of 'Irwin,' and 'M-a-e,' are inadmissible. Reasons—the rhythm sounds somewhat like pumpkins rolling over the barn floor, while some lines appear to have been measured with a yardstick, and others with a ten-foot pole."

**HOW A RICH MAN MAY DRESS.**—Nobody blames a rich man for going with his elbows out, because every one knows that he has got money enough to get him a new coat; but it is unpardonable in a poor man to go ragged, because every one knows that it is out of his power to do otherwise.

**DINNER SPEECHIFYING.**—The following is a good satire on the manner of speechifying at public dinners:—"After the gentleman whose health is to be drunk in his absence, has given the hint to his neighbour to prepare it, he must retire. (There is no necessity to specify to the company his particular motive to withdraw.) When he returns, he will find a full glass of Madeira before him, with a cigar across it; he must then manifest a certain degree of surprise, and call up a smile of satisfaction, being very cautious that it may not be mistaken for a sneer. He must close the eyes for a few moments, as if collecting his energies for an extemporaneous explosion; his own tact must teach him how long he may trespass upon the patience of his hearers; he must then commence it thus:—"Hem!" open eyes—"hem!"—look complacently at the president, and ditto at the party. "Mr President, hem, and gentlemen—unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, and unaware of the honour you have done me in my absence—hem—I say, do me in my absence—hem—I am at a loss to express myself on the honour you have done me in my absence—hem!" Here a slight cough may be introduced to gain time; what is called a *hacking* cough is preferable, as its frequent recurrence is more convenient. "Before I sit down, I shall not be, on my part, backward in expressing my thanks—I say, before I sit down, I shall not be, on my part, backward—hem! Should I live for ages, gentlemen—I mean those ages that are yet to come—the remembrance, the grateful remembrance, of this hour—this glorious hour—will be remembered in my memory"—(lights the cigar)—"and, gentlemen, in conclusion, the reminiscence shall live in my recollection, if Providence—the mercy of Providence—should spare me till the last day, even when the configuration of the universe shall display its dreadful burning, and roll its volumes of suffocating vapour over the vast globe, like the fire and smoke of—of this cigar!"

**THE LOGUE FAMILY.**—The crier of a neighbouring county court was, upon a certain occasion, required to go to the court-house door, and, as is usual in the absence of a witness, call out for Philip Logue, one of the sons of Erin, who was summoned in a certain case then pending. The man of the baton, accordingly, stepping to the door, sang out at the top of his voice, "Philip Logue!" A wag of a lawyer, happening to be passing the door at the time, whispered in his ear, "Epilogue, also." "Epi Logue," sang out the crier. "Decalogue," said the lawyer in an under tone. "Deca Logue," again sang out the crier at the top of his voice. "Apologue," whispered the lawyer. "Apo Logue," reiterated the crier, at the same time expostulating with the lawyer, "you certainly want the whole family of the Logues." "Prologue," said the persevering lawyer. "Pro Logue," rung again through the halls of the court-house, from the stentorian lungs of the public crier, attracting the attention of every body, and shocking even the tympanum of the dignitaries on the bench themselves, who, not understanding the cause of his vociferousness, dispatched the sheriff, with all haste, to stop the constable from his further summonses of the family of the Logues.

**WONDERFUL ABSENCE OF MIND.**—A gentleman from the west informs us of an instance of absence of mind, where a Yankee speculator, while engaged in speculation, fell to whittling his fingers instead of a stick, and did not discover his mistake till he had whittled off his two first fingers, and sharpened the third to a point. This is beaten by a farrier in this city, who, in making horse-shoe nails, instead of taking a nail rod, deliberately put his own hand into the fire, heating it red hot, hammered each of his fingers into nails, and the thumb into a toe call, and did not discover his mistake till the horse was shod and gone.

**THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.**—Michigan, which can as yet only count months of existence as a state, is making noble provision for the education of her sons. She has recently endowed a university with lands valued at five millions of dollars. The faculty is to embrace twenty-one professorships, and the tuition fee is never to exceed ten dollars. This is doing the thing handsomely, and the happiest political effects must ensue from thus bringing elegant letters nearer to the people. Michigan, although she is giving great attention to manufactures, is essentially agricultural in her character. There is scarcely a tract of equal extent upon the continent, which can support so large a number of farmers; and as the settlers of that state are nearly all of them the owners of the soil they cultivate, they must constitute the finest body of yeomanry in the world, when time shall have matured their young empire. The village of Ann-arbour in the proposed seat of the university, and a prettier inland situation could hardly be found, unless the banks of some of those beautiful lakes in the heart of the Peninsula were chosen.

**A SCHOOL-ROW.**—At school, young Quaver was the ring-leader in every kind of mischief, and his exploits are traditional in the respectable academy of Messrs Birch and Ferule. An anecdote is related of young Quaver, which seems to me, as a faithful biographer, to merit repetition. Mr Birch, for some reason or other with which I am unacquainted, was furnished with the soubriquet of Muffie. His knowledge of the fact excited his indignation to the highest pitch. One day young Quaver, in construing his Latin lesson, stumbled over the word *ludimagister*, which our erudite readers need not be informed means schoolmaster, literally master of sports. "Come, sir," said Mr Birch, "tell us what *ludimagister* means." "Don't know," answered Quaver. "Instantly, sir." "Tell you I don't know." "Then you have been idle, and neglected your lesson." "No, sir, I studied diligently; but I forget what this word means." "I insist on your telling me." "How can I when I don't know!" "Out with it, sir!" "Well, if I must say something," answered the undaunted Quaver, fixing an eagle eye upon the master, "if I must say something, it means—it means—muffle!" A deafening roar of applause from the upper benches of the room followed this audacious rally. The master stamped his feet and vociferated in an agony of wrath. Quaver was dragged from his post, and made to endure a severe flagellation. "Now," said Mr Birch, when, tired of the exercise, he laid aside his rod; "now, what does *ludimagister* mean, rascal?" "Muffle!" screamed the gallant boy. And now the bigger boys yelled in an agony of delight. Discipline was set at defiance, and in the mad delirium of their pleasure, they rushed at once into rebellion. As the contumacy of William Tell kindled the revolt against Gesler, so did the hardihood of Quaver bring on the dreadful scene of an academical row. A painter would have been forcibly reminded of Hogarth's *Battle of the Books*; for Messrs Birch and Ferule were buried beneath an avalanche of volumes. The air was darkened with dictionaries, and swarming with classics. Authors jostled each other worse than ever, and Walker and Johnson fell foul immediately. Stationery became suddenly locomotive, and benches remarkably restive. In the midst of the *melée*, the daring Quaver perceived his tormentor prostrate beneath a pile of books. Quick as thought he seized an inkstand, and overturned it on the master's head. Having thus anointed the deposed monarch, he proceeded to sand his sable locks, and then ran home to avoid the consequences. The next morning there was a grand meeting of trustees; the mass of scholars was pardoned, but Master Quaver was expelled.—From a story in the *New York Mirror*.

**GAMING.**—It is stated in the English papers, that, by the calculations of a late eminent physician, it appears in that country, that one person in seventeen, moving in a superior station of life, dies from the effects of excitement produced by an indulgence in the destructive vice of play. There can be no doubt but that gaming is as fatal in its consequences as regards the physical constitution, as the fortune of its victim; but we had no idea of the extensive prevalence of the vice in England. It is singular how extremes meet in the human character. The rudest American savage and the most luxurious European noble are those most given to this infatuation. All Indians are more or less gamblers, and will stake not only their ornaments, skins, blankets, horses, &c., but the very arms upon which they depend for subsistence; and a well-authenticated story is told of a young chief, who, when stripped of all these, and having nothing wherewith to court a change of fortune, gained yet another throw by staking his scalp against the rifle he had just lost to a fortunate opponent.

**STEAM VERSUS HORSES.**—It would require twelve stage-coaches, carrying fifteen passengers each, and one thousand two hundred horses, to take one hundred and eighty passengers two hundred and forty miles in twenty-four hours, at the rate of ten miles an hour. One locomotive steam-engine will take that number, and go two trips in the same time, consequently will do the work of two thousand four hundred horses! Again, it would require thirty mail-coaches (six passengers each), and three thousand horses, to take one hundred passengers and mail two hundred and forty miles in twenty-four hours, at the rate of ten miles an hour. One locomotive steam-engine will take that number, and go two trips in the same time, consequently will do the work of six thousand horses.

**FAR WEST.**—The Philadelphia Gazette has the following:—"Pray, sir, is not Indiana the far west?" "No." "Well, is not Illinois the far west?" "No; far from it." "Surely, then, when you cross the Mississippi, you are in the far west; are you not?" "No—not exactly." "Where, then, is the far west?" "Why, it is just about half a mile this side of sun-down."

**DO AS HE DID.**—A Canadian journalist lately announced the decease of one of his patrons in these terms:—"In him society has lost one of its choicest ornaments; the church has been deprived of a true believer; his wife of a loving husband, and his children of an affectionate parent; while we have lost a subscriber always punctual and regular in his payments."

**PRACTICAL RETORT.**—In the theatre at Weimar, in Germany, not long ago, there were only seven persons in the house. The pit took offence at the miserable acting of a performer, and hissed him energetically; whereupon, the manager brought his company on the stage, and out-hissed the visitors.

**THE TYPE FOR MACSYCOPHANT.**—The most foolish thing in the world is said to be, "to bow to the rich till you're unable to stand erect in the presence of an honest man."

**MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.**—One of the consequences of good breeding is a disinclination, positively a distaste, to pry into the private affairs of others.

**INGRATITUDE.**—One ungrateful man does an injury to all who are wretched.

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